

A NEW SONG

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On the Foundation of the  
Linen Trade.

To which are added,

The young Lady in Bailieboro'  
Kank-e Doodle.  
Fo'er the cruel tyrant Love.

52)



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A NEW SONG on a YOUNG LADY in BAILIE  
BORROW. By G. R.

Tune.—*Grogalmacbrée*.

**I** Am a young rover that's sorely oppress'd,  
By Cupid's keen arrows and can find no rest;  
It is for a young damsel I daily complain,  
On earth there's no doctor that can ease my  
pain.

The Gods do surround her when to walk  
she doth go  
If ear na ure has f'amed her for my overthrow;  
Numbers of courtiers do strive her to gain,  
But if I can get her they all strive in vain.

Her golden hair in ringlets wavering down  
her lilly white neck incline,  
In the four ages there's none to equal my  
charmer divine;  
Her teeth are like ivory her eyes are more  
bright,  
Than the Sun beams that dazzle and baffle us  
fight.

Her lips like the corral from whence elo-  
quence flows,  
Her cheeks are adorn'd with the lilly and the  
rose,  
Her breast like two silver globes did my heart  
enthral,  
There's no female can her equal on the terref-  
trial ball.



Her voice most melodious hath ravish'd me  
quite,  
She excels the nightingale byren or Apollo so  
bright;  
I desired for me the favour with her to com-  
bine,

All the pleasures of life in my darling I'll find.

When Pallas and Juno with Venus most fair,  
In quest of the prize of beauty did o' Ida re-  
pair;

Paris unto Venus would not the apple assign,  
But to my dear if present he would it resign.

Some malicious person most perniciously,  
Sent a false letter to her father to incense him  
against me;

But I still hope that my jewel will not me reject  
For if by her I am slighted my heart it will  
break.

The fates have conspired and my ruin de-  
creed,  
In a strange nation for that fair one my fate  
is to bleed;

For long in this kingdom I will not remain,  
Since this charming sweet creature I cannot  
obtain.

The nymphs of Parnassus down by a purling  
stream,  
With fair Flora and bright Aurora cannot  
quell my flame;



For Venus with twice her charms and Hel  
most fair,  
Dress'd in their richest garments with her ca  
compare.

Had I the wealth of India or Peruvian sto  
The earth o'erspread with diamonds were i  
times as much more;

Were all these riches in my possession to be,  
I'd freely part with it for my Lovely Mary

**A favourite Song Sung by Miss Bren**

**I**F o'er the cruel tyrant love,  
A conquest I believ'd,

The flattering error cease to prove,  
O! let me be deceived.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,  
Which love did first create;

What was my pride is now my shame  
And must be turned to hate.

Then call not to my wavering mind  
The weakness of my heart;

Which, ah! feel too much inclined  
To take a traitor's part.



## YANKEY DOODLE

**A** M E R I C A is a sportiog place,  
And so is Phillidelphia,  
When we came to Charlestown,  
Sweethearts we got in plenty;

Play Yankey Doodle rum rum rum,  
Yankey doodle dandy,  
Yankey doodle big bow wow,  
The girls they all like Bandy.

Their Forces on us they came down  
But on t' m we got round sir,  
Some they bow'd down to us,  
And some their Flags laid down fir,

Play Yankey doodle &c.

For GEORGE's right we all do fight,  
Brave Clinton's our Commander,  
The American's Flag we'll bear away,  
And plant the English Standard.

Play Yankey doodle &c.

Washington he now comes on,  
Tho' he makes such a Blunder,  
Our little boys will damp his joys,  
And the French we'll make knock under.

Play Yankey doodle &c.

When we came to Charlestown,  
We pitched our Camp for Battle,  
Our Drums we beat and Trumpets sound,  
And Cannons we made rattle

Play Yankey doodle &c.

Our General bold he then did say,  
We'll either kill or gain sir,  
And alter the Battle it was o'er,  
So jovial we sat down fir.

Play Yankey doodle &c.

The girls they came flocking on,  
As sweet as Sugar Candy,  
And if the won't with us comply,  
We'll whip them when we are angry





The Foundat on o the LINEN TRADE.

**D**R A W near all you North Country he-  
roe  
And listen to what I un old,  
'Tis the rich staple of our Nation,  
That brings us abundance of gold ;  
First by the brave hand of Industry,  
We do by our Farmers obtain,  
That raises us flax from the seed-boys,  
Which afterwards turns to gain.

Our North country lasses' Industry,  
Thro' most foreign Nations is known,  
For scutching and cloving and spinning,  
Their equals I'm sure you'll find none ;  
Search thro' Conaught Munster and Leinster,  
In every Market and Fair,  
For shewing fine bunches of yarn,  
There is none with them can compare.

Success to our North country women,  
Both old and young, married and free,  
That live by their honest Industry,  
May they still enjoy prosperity,  
But some keep their poor men uneasy,  
With scolding they grieve their hearts sore,  
And others that's idle and lazy,  
I could count you up many a score,



But to see a young lass that is modest,  
That swiftly will foot round her wheel,  
That daily will think it no hardship,  
Good time he hank for to reel;  
That will still dress in lean decent order,  
Not carry no vain silly pride,  
That youngman must surely be happy,  
That gets such a lass to his bride,

When the weaver has got his web woven,  
Way to the market he hies,  
Where he meets with a wealthy brave Mer-  
chant, with plenty of gold on his thigh;  
His web is well wrought and sufficient,  
According to the law of our land,  
To the extent of his bargain,  
He's paid ready cash down in hand.

Success to our brave linen merchants,  
Of Newry Armagh and Rich Hill,  
Lurgan, Lisburn and sweet Belfast,  
Here's their health in a full flowing can;  
For they are the men that's praise worthy,  
That keep our poor still in employ,  
And gen'rously pay them their wages,  
May they Riches and Honours enjoy.

And next we will sing to our bleachers,  
Who early in spring does begin,  
To cover his Green all with linen,  
And securely does every web pin;



He has his brave boys to attend him,  
Ready to obey his command,  
All honest in whitening their linen,  
I've great Dublin Market to stand.

The M'Fauls at the Row-Water,  
To praise them I think it but just,  
May Heaven their handy work prosper,  
They're honest and true to their trust;  
There's also in Cumber, O' Connor,  
That's both honest, decent and kind.  
A' Kenlas, and Ferguson, both foremen,  
May they all be in prosperity combin'd.

**F I N I S**